

Hopper and His Private Dancer by Nellycoo

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff and Smut, Lap Dancer, Lap dancing, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Smut, Strippers & Strip Clubs

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Original Female Character(s)

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Female Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-01-08

Updated: 2017-02-09

Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:23:17

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 3

Words: 6,584

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Hopper gets a lap dance and it gets a little TOO heated.

Ivy just think's it's a boring old Thursday evening, but is intrigued by "The Cowboy" with deep pockets that comes to play.

1. The Dance

The Thursday night dinner shift finally started and Ivy was already regretting her decision to work it. Well Ivy was her name at work, her mother named her Michelle at birth.

The strip club known as Velvetene sat on a almost deserted intersection between a few small towns in the ever charming state of Indiana. Ivy always thought it was some kind of weird purgatory, where men came to forget about their jobs, wives and kids....the ever amounting shit that filled their lives.

For her though, it was paying the bills, keeping her and her Mom comfortable. The reason Ivy disliked this shift in particular, was because it was always quiet, which usually attracted the "I don't want anyone to know I'm coming here" kinds of guys. They didn't tip well and never paid for anything extra. Ivy always thought her self as prime-rib. Long legs, tight body, eyes so green customers would lose themselves in them, and lips that only some men would dream about having against their own. The kinds of girls that worked this shift were more....TV dinner-esq. As she lent lazily against the bar she fiddled with an almost empty cigarette carton impatiently. The pink and blue lights now and then beaming across her while mind-numbing disco music played distantly in the background.

"How did YOU get stuck on the mid-week dinner shift?" Ivy grinned at the sound of Simone approaching her, an older employee, by a fair few years but still game.

"Needed the extra cash" she groaned pushing herself up from her rested position and turned to marvel Simone.

"You're not making much tonight sugar, hows your Mom?" she shrugged in response, hoping to glaze over the subject of her mother. Simone took note, and instead asked to bum a smoke, then clacked away in her bright white pumps leaving Ivy with her internal conflicts once more. But before she could get comfortable in her own mind, the cool wind from outside the dank walls of Velvetene rushed in and hit her like a truck. It was a customer, swinging the doors open like John Wayne walking into a fucking saloon. "Ok cowboy...let's see how deep your pockets are" Ivy mumbled to herself

while straightening her back and checking her reflection....

It was about an hours drive, far enough away from Hawkins to find what he was looking for in peace.

Jim had been visiting Velveten for about 6 months, the first Thursday of every month as soon as his Police Chief duties were over. He found it by chance, and he found it....satisfied his needs. Dinner time was the best time to go, not many people, guys who didn't want to be seen there, left Jim to his own devices without worrying if anyone recognised him. Hawkins Chief of Police in a seedy ass strip club, what would the neighbours say?

Day light was just about fading when he pulled up outside, the car park practically empty, perfect he thought finishing up his cigarette. He threw it aggressively across the dead grass that was dotted around the dust and stones beneath him. He could already smell the cheap perfume and taste the watered down whiskey. He pushed the door open rather unceremoniously, causing the outside breeze to follow in with him. Not a soul in sight. Just how he liked it.

The girls weren't worth much on a Thursday, meant he didn't overspend. He counted his wad of notes briefly, then found himself a comfy spot in the centre of the bar and awaited service.

The perfume he smelled though wasn't cheap, it was soft and welcoming, like a garden in the summer. The hand that gripped his shoulder had nicely manicured nails, nothing garish like what you would find on a middle-aged woman at the mall. Jim's eyes worked their way up and he was certainly taken aback at who stood above him. Those eyes....wide and green, Jesus he thought. This girl wasn't a Thursday dinner time girl at all.

"You're new" He said in a hushed yet still gravelly tone.

"I suppose you've never visited on our more busier nights....I'm Ivy, and my goodness aren't you something...."

She leant on the table, showing off her....assets a little more. Jim examined her body for a moment. Her long legs covered in nylon thigh highs and a tight frame and perky tits wrapped in a black lacy baby doll, not a mark or bruise or cigarette burn on her body.

Jim wrestled with his desires and his conscious. He wanted to pay for a dance, but knew she wouldn't be cheap...fuck it he thought, I've been a good boy this month at least. Jim pulled from his pocket his wad of cash, he watched her beautiful big green eye's light up with delight.

"Ivy....I'll take a double Walker with no ice, a packet of the clubs finest cigarettes and as much of your company this...." He slammed the wad on the table and slid it her way. "will pay for"

The cowboy certainly had deep pockets Ivy thought as a devilish grin grew across her lips. She picked up the wad, keeping her eyes locked onto his. Ivy could only describe them as piercing, icy blue and riddled with pain and sadness.

Don't think about why he's here, never think about why they're here. Ivy felt those beautiful sad blues burn into the back of her head as she walked over to the bar and opened a tab for the gentlemen, and ordered for Jackson the bartender, a man who looked like he had just been torn right out of the pages of an old porno, to unlock one of the private rooms.

Ivy turned and pressed a hand onto the cowboy's chest with firm pressure and reassured his money was being well spent.

"We'll see about that won't we" his retort was bitter and a little snarky, Ivy tried to refrain from rolling her eyes, but instead very cautiously took his hand and lead him past the stage, DJ booth to one of Velveten's finest intimate rooms.

With his stiff drink in hand, Jim relaxed onto some questionable velvet cushions and watched Ivy struggle with the record player in the corner of the room, although his eyes were mostly drawn to her ass, the little lace panties that covered her cheeks in just the right way were intriguing to say the least.

It was dimly lit in the room, and the walls were draped in purple and silver silk sheets, it was hardly the champagne room but he remembered his money wasn't paying for the venue. The crackle from the speakers indicated his show was about to begin, his shoulders tensed ever so slightly as he watched Ivy turn around slowly and drop to her knees very gingerly, seductively to be more precise.

She pushed her thick Auburn hair from her face then traced her fingers down her cheeks and onto her lips. She bit down on her finger playfully, just for a second.... then began to crawl across the worn out carpet towards Jim.

He noticed her thick bottom lip hung open a little, gave the idea that she wanted to suck his dick. Ivy grabbed onto his knees with some force, surprising him slightly, and ran her hands up his thighs, pulling herself onto his lap.

“What's your name Cowboy” she whispered softly against his ear as her hips began to gyrate slowly....steadily.

“Like you care” He groaned back in her ear as his left hand still holding onto his glass and his right barely touched her lower back. He knew the rules....touching was allowed but at the girls consent....bad touches equate to several 7ft beasts dragging you out by your ear lobes like a bad little boy.

“I like to put names to faces...and yours is certainly one I'd like to see again”

Ivy, still gyrating intently along with the slow base of the music, decided to place a hand onto the cowboys cheek and press it against it just for a moment, her eyes staring straight into his. The dead eyes he had been giving her since she started had faded....he looked at her with a little more hunger this time, just how she liked it.

Ivy was one of the best dancers because she made the men feel wanted and loved....therefore she would make more money, men like to be desired, and if you actually show them you care....they forget their paying for the dance. His cock was pressed against his washed out “dad” jeans painfully, aching, wanting. Oh boy. She slid her hand from his coarse stubble covered cheek and decided to switch it up. She turned her back against him and gave him a rear-view treat. Her ass was grinding against his junk much more aggressively this time, his cock growing harder and harder each time her ass cheeks rubbed against him.

“You tell me your name....and I'll let you touch me”

She lent forward to give him a better view. Jim hadn't seen an ass so tight in years, it was tempting to let down his guard. But at this point his dick was calling the shots now. Ivy pulled herself back upright, then pressed her self against his broad and somewhat inviting chest. His lips just brushed her ear lobe as he whispered "Jim" into her ear. That husky low tone of voice made Ivy tremble a little, the touch of his lips against her skin....she wanted to deny any attraction to the man, but she hated lying to herself.

"Jim the Cowboy....I like it"

She pushed herself up from his lap, it was time to strip. Ivy removed the baby doll from her body, pulling it over her head, all the while her hips still swaying hypnotically. Ivy watched the lust burn a lot brighter this time in his eyes as her perky adorable tits were finally on show. Ivy took her fingertips once more and ran them down her chest, over her nipples, making sure eye contact was kept at all times. Jim downed his drink as quickly as he could, making sure to free up his left hand.

She was true to her word, and let Jim grab what he wanted,as much as he wanted. She promised the man a real show, and she certainly provided, Ivy wanted to treat Jim to something a little more intimate.

This meant squatting between his legs, inches from his throbbing crotch, digging her nails seductively into his wide thighs, slamming herself down onto his lap, the entire illusion that she would let him fuck her was what this was all about.

She decided to eventually lay herself across his lap, resting her head on the cushion beside him. Jim wanted to order her to keep dancing, but having such a beautiful creature laying across his lap, teasing his beard and the nape of his neck with her fingers was just as enjoyable. She arched her back perfectly as she carefully pulled herself up from her position. He stopped her by gripping her arm, quite tightly as their noses met.

Ivy's heart jumped into her throat for a moment, both fear and excitement overcame her, and she knew this was a bad touch....but she didn't hate it.

“Easy does it handsome....remember where you are” she rubbed her nose against his in a rather playful manor, despite the situation. The two shared a mild pause, both intently staring into one another's eyes, Jim wasn't sure if she looked at him with wistfulness, want or boredom, but the way those eyes gleamed like emeralds.....he wasn't going to complain. The sound of the record player stopping abruptly pulled Ivy from her trance, and much to Jim's disappointment, she hopped off his lap and went to deal with it.

She heard him groan and stand up. The hairs on the back of her neck stood to attention, was he leaving or approaching her. Unable to stop her teeth chewing on her bottom lip, she turned to see him holding out her black baby doll towards her.

“I think we're done here” A frown appeared across her face as she took the lacy material from his grip and pressed it against her bare chest.

“You've paid for a little while longer Jim....why not stay and have a drink or two at least....was it something I said?” she joked, but the furrowed brow and stern look he gazed down at her with indicated that something had over come the cowboy....and he wasn't enjoying himself any more. Sometimes guy's would have to stop the show due to being reminded of a loved one or relative, maybe this was one of those times.

Now a pregnant pause befell the room, leaving Ivy to just silently put her baby doll back on over her head. She smoothed her hair down and sighed heavily trying to look any where in the room but at him. Jim then decided to leave, but she grabbed his arm this time, and he couldn't help but stop with intrigue.

“Please don't go” what the fuck was she doing....she pulled her hand away in disgust before he could, completely bewildered by her actions she shook her head then pulled at her hair nervously. “Sorry....I...” she started biting her nails and watched Jim place a cigarette very intricately between his smirking lips.

“Its ok sweetheart I tend to have that effect on women”

Ivy watched as he lit up and snapped his Zippo shut with force. “I don't mind waiting till you finish....” he exhaled smoke away from

her face and waited for her response.

“I don't date customers” Ivy crossed her arms under her chest and tore her eyes away from him, she tried to act nonchalant, but after the arm grabbing incident, this seemed redundant.

“I'm not looking to date you....” Ivy rubbed her neck and pondered at the thought....it had been a while, and Jim the Cowboy was just that right mixture of nasty, rugged and handsome.

“You usually pick up strippers?” a nervous giggle exited her as she shuffled a little, signalling she was thinking about it.

“Only the ones that want to fuck me, regular strippers don't do it like you just did...” she nodded and continued to stare at the floor. Was it that obvious?, as much as she tried to fight it, she was putting in a little something extra with him, because she liked him.

“Sure..I'll let Roger take a cut of what you gave me and he'll let me go early, just wait in the car park though, they find out I'm going home with you they'll beat us both half to death”
She snatched the cigarette from his lips and put it between her own, and exited the room, smoke billowing behind her....

2. The Hookup

Summary for the Chapter:

Hopper has convinced Ivy to come home with him. There's no beating around the bush, and the two elope in a rather heated way.

Hopper followed Ivy's instructions and remained in his car. It was muggy and boring as shit but the thought of having her bouncing on his cock kept him sane, well mostly. He watched the strip club with anticipated and impatient eyes. Fucking helped with the pain, that and the prescription drugs and copious amounts of booze he pumped into his system daily. But the pain lead to his memories, and that's all he had left at this point. It was important for him to remember, always remember not matter how much it hurt.

The doors opened slowly, and a woman with her hair in messy side ponytail, wearing a pair acid wash shorts with a black off the shoulder crop top stepped out of the club. Jesus she looked like she was at least a Sophomore in college, even better Jim thought chewing on some pills. She threw her bag into the back of some piece of shit car then rushed over. She lent into his open window with this playful look in her eyes.

"I'll follow you ok, don't drive too fast, my car is on her last legs" She brushed the back of her hand against his jaw, then slipped out and back to her own auto-mobile. He gripped the steering wheel tightly, trying to switch gears briefly before he started his journey home, with the stripper in tow.....

Ivy began to regret her decision the second she watched Jim pull up outside a god damn trailer. She slumped back into the drivers seat and rubbed her brow, trying her best to remain calm.

"Figures...." she whispered to herself exiting the car. Her sneakers scraped along the dirt as she caught up with Jim, who was locking his car. She noticed the Blazer parked beside it, with the words Hawkins Police printed on the side. Ivy froze for a moment then looked at him with a cocked eyebrow.

"Maybe I should be calling you Jim the Cop from now on" She crossed her arms, and pushed her tongue against the inside of her cheek, trying to fight a grin. Jim stepped up to her. She noticed how much he towered over her now she wasn't wearing those crippling heels, and that he could very well drag her inside that house and do god knows what to her, she didn't have the bouncers here now...but still she followed him, and here she stood.

"It's Chief actually" was all he replied with before slinking off to go unlock his..."abode" for the both of them.

Ivy did her best to ignore the chaos around her, a mess of a man and his mess of a home. But still she stayed.

She watched closely as he took off his plaid shirt to reveal a tight white t-shirt that showed off his beer gut, but the size of his biceps peaked her interest much more.

Ivy kicked her shoes off and tried to find somewhere to sit, she pushed off some laundry and slumped down on a lumpy as all hell couch. It smelt like cigarettes and stale beer.

"Go home Ivy, whatever kind of nasty fantasy you want to live out, forget this, this guy's a wreck" Her conscious begged her, but she chose to ignore it as Jim threw her over a nice cold beer to seemingly settle her in a little. She cracked it open and slurped it, foam and all. Jim slowly lowered himself down on the couch beside her, causing her side to dip towards him a little.

"So....Chief of Police....you are like every bad cop cliché I've ever seen on T.V, I'm not mad though" She teased his hair, hoping this would help them get past the awkward small talk stage, and right onto banging.

"And you are exactly like every smart mouth stripper I've met" He looked off ahead and sipped his beer. "You don't know me, and I don't know you.....let's leave it at that" Ivy screwed her face up in aggravation and shook her head.

"Then why are we sitting here drinking beers then dumb ass" her tone wasn't meant to sound pointed. Playful at least, but the way he clenched his jaw and fist....Ivy was worried it came off not the way

she wanted.

Jim snapped. He threw his half full can across the room, making it hit the wall in an explosion of beer and foam, then snatched hers from the loose grip to throw against the wall as well.

Ivy's heart almost stopped as Jim pinned her down on the couch. She could smell some kind of woody cheap cologne, whiskey and smoke more than ever, and the weight of his chest pressing down on her own....her mind was running wild.

Slowly, her lips stretched to a smirk and her arms found their way around to his back. Her fingers tugged at the bottom of his t-shirt, pulling it up very delicately over his head.

Her nails scratched up his back as she teased his bottom lip with her tongue. Jim let out this growl and without even thinking about how bad he could throw his back out, picked her up from the couch and pinned her against the wall by the bedroom door.

The girl had never been slammed against the wall like that before, it sent such a thrill through her body.

"Kiss me" she begged. The cock-sure grin that appeared across his face signaled that he enjoyed it when girls begged for it.

Those lips, he'd thought about them all night, and finally feeling them against his own, it was just as sweet as he imagined. Her lips tasted like coconut cream, and she still smelt so darling and desirable. Jim was this lumbering beast and she was this pure beam of light, sure she was a stripper, one the nastiest he'd ever met....but at her core, she was just a girl, who wore enticing lip balms and most likely listened to New Kids on The Block with her room mate back home. He tore his lips from hers and lowered her back down, her socks touching down on the carpet gently.

"Was it that bad...." she whispered running her hands up and down his chest, now and then teasing the fair hairs that covered some of it.

"NO...just..."

"Don't think...don't question it, just go with it...unless you're...." she looked down at his crotch, instantly Hopper straightened his back and furrowed his brow, clearly offended she would even presume.

"Nah I'm good down there....I...just" he clenched his jaw as he very carefully took her hair out from its ponytail.

"Don't....I came here to be fucked, not to be courted" She pushed his hand away and bit down onto her bottom lip with as much coyness she could muster.

Jim watched Ivy get on her knees, there was a big part of him that wanted to pull her up and tell her to go home, but as soon as he felt her hands carefully pull his rock hard dick from his jeans, the idea escaped him entirely, and his mind was back in original gear. Those sweet tasting lips were slipping over his dick, slowly, sensually. She wanted him to feel every part of it. He placed his hand on the back of her head, guiding it further down, pushing his luck almost. How far was she going to go, how much more could she take. This girl was deep-throating Hawkins Chief of Police with absolutely no sign of slowing down. Hopper almost found it hard to stay standing, his legs began to shake as the pleasure intensified. He managed to call out to her to stop, amidst his moans and groans her head slowly pulled away from his crotch as she looked up at him. Her eyes, doe and glimmering and the tiny trail of saliva that was on her chin....this was like one of those nasty porno VHS tapes hidden under his bed he thought wiping the spit ever so tenderly from her lip and chin. Ivy still had hold of his cock, now and then slowly rubbing, not too fast not too slow.

"Go in there....I'll be through in a second" he pried her hand from his cock and tucked it back away, as she slipped off to his bedroom, Jim rushed to his bathroom to contemplate only for a moment.

Splashing ice cold water into his already burning hot face, it seemed unlikely that his inner turmoil wasn't going to rest easy.

So he popped a few more pills....one ...two....and from the medicine cabinet he grabbed a flask of something sharp and strong to calm him even more.

He checked if he was still hard....of course he was. The thought that Ivy was most likely laying in his bed, her soft and warm skin rubbing against his sheets....she might even be touching herself. It was enough for him. He rushed back to his bedroom to find to her sitting on his bed, naked of course, flicking through an old skin magazine he must have left there this morning.

Fuck, next time you jack it Hop....don't leave your porn laying around. He cursed himself, but the cheeky grin on her face suggested

she in fact was enjoying it.

“Don't worry cowboy we all forget to hide our porn from time to time....although I can promise you that my cunt is much nicer than this” she threw the magazine down at his feet and proceeded to position herself more suggestively. Ivy noticed Jim's figure a little more now he stood in the light. The slight beer gut was, in her opinion, completely over shadowed by his broad shoulders and somewhat big arms, and of course....that thick ass cock. He had the body of a 40 year old man and she was enjoying it.

“How rough do you want this....because I can go pretty hard” His tone had dropped considerably as the man began to take off his pants.

It was like a rumble of testosterone and burning desire echoing at her, and it just made her wetter. “You said you just want to be fucked...right?”

“Yeah....you gonna actually come through? Or be like every other man whose promised me a good fucking and never...lived up to expectation” Ivy decided to kneel at the end of the bed as he walked towards her. She was squaring up to Jim, trying to get a rise out of him. Was this some kind of game? He decided to act accordingly and took her jaw into his left hand and squeeze ever so gently.

“I guarantee sweetheart...you'll be limping tomorrow” he let go of her face slowly, pushed her back down onto her back and mounted her like some kind of wild beast.

She watched him reach over and grab a condom from the night stand next to her head, a tiny part of her feared he was going bareback, in the heat of the moment things happen....things get forgotten.

But her body relaxed a little when she watched him roll it over his member. She grabbed his face and pulled him down, kissing him a little messily in the process. It was a little thank you for remembering the protection, it meant a lot to her. She took a deep breath in, then out.

Jim knelt between her legs, grabbed her calves and pulled her closer to him. Ivy's eyes grew wide and watched closely as Jim rubbed her clit back and forth, making sure she was wet, warm and ready.

“You alright there?” he watched her squirm a little at his touch. She

pursed her lips and nodded slowly.

“Just fuck me already” she groaned pulling at her hair. Jim wasted no time in grabbing her ass cheeks, and slid inside her with ease. Her firm body tensed around his dick as he pumped back and forth. Her tits bounced and her mouth hung open letting out short sultry moans. He tried to keep a steady pace, but the way she bucked her hips and begged to be fucked harder....it was going to be difficult to deny her. Ivy's moans mixed with the sounds of the headboard crashing against the wall, made Hopper grateful he lived in a trailer away from others.

“Turn me over....” she called out to him. “Turn me the fuck over” she screamed the second time. Jim slid out of her and without question flipped her over and hiked her ass up towards his throbbing cock. Ivy grabbed the sheets in front of her and moaned into the mattress as Jim started spanking her, hard.

“This what you want?...HEY...answer me” his hand cracked across her ass cheeks before she could say anything.

“YES....fuck....FUCK” she pulled her face up from the mattress and begged for more. He kept smacking and smacking, each time losing himself just a little more in the moment, just what he wanted. The more depraved things got....the less he thought...and remembered. He could feel guilty about sullying this woman, instead of everything else.

Enough, he wanted to fuck again. He spat on her pussy and entered her once more. It felt good but it wasn't rough enough Ivy thought as she pushed her upper half up from the mattress and lent on her hands.

“Do better Cowboy...I'm starting to dry up” Jim growled at her snide comment.

Ivy didn't expect for Jim to wrap a hand around her throat, but she didn't hate it. He fucked her balls deep and told her to shut the fuck up and take it. She giggled dementedly, causing him to only speed up, and choke her a little bit harder. Suddenly, he pulled her up against his chest. He pushed her hair to one side so he could taste her skin. He kissed and sucked on her neck, a hand still pressed against her throat.

"Getting tired?" she whispered with a slight moan at the end of it. Jim grinned mid neck kiss, his hand slipping from her throat down to her tits. Jim felt her pull away from his grip, and slide off his cock. Ivy faced him and pressed her palm against his chest gently.

"I don't mind taking the wheel for a while..." now it was her turn to mount him. Jim laid on his back while she lowered herself slowly onto his dick.

"I thought you wanted a good fucking?" she gyrated softly, scratching her nails down his chest.

"What can I say...I'm young and fickle" and with that she proceeded to ride him, it felt....incredible. Up and down back and forth, her hips moved at just the right pace in just the right ways.

The stripper enjoyed watching the big bad cop grunt and moan under her, got her off in ways he couldn't imagine. As much as she loved to be dominated, it was always fun to be in control from time to time.

Ivy flipped her hair back and began to moan like a porn star again, Hopper didn't care if she was putting it on for him, it was getting him off big time. With his fingertips pressed into her hips intently, she finally found her sweet spot and stuck with it. God he wanted nothing more than to watch her cum, he usually wasn't overly concerned about the woman's pleasure, usually why he'd have girls suck him off at the end. But this was just too good to pass up.

"Want me to cum on you huh? Cum on your big fat cock....tell me to cum for you FUCKING TELL ME" maybe the nasty talk was for her own benefit he thought, it seemed that way at least.

"Cum for me you little slut....fucking do it...DO IT" she rode him so violently he feared for just a second her hip joint would pop out...but just like he told her too, she came...and she came hard. Hopper couldn't deny that watching her groan and shiver with pleasure was insanely hot. Throw in the feeling of her walls clenching around his dick, and it was enough to bring him to the edge, but it wasn't quite all the way.

Once she was done twitching and shaking he ordered her to get off, and kneel on the floor in front of the bed.

Hopper sat on the end of his bed with the beautiful yet filthy stripper between his legs. Her ran his middle and index finger across her

bottom lip, then slipped them inside her mouth. She sucked on them with just as much enthusiasm as she did his cock earlier. He rolled off the rubber and began to tug at his member.

"Be a good girl and finish me off ok?" she nodded still sucking on his fingers.

Jim lent back a little to get a good look at her head bobbing up and down, the spit running down his cock was just that little bit of nasty he enjoyed so much. Almost there....she better fucking swallow he thought.

Ivy was good at going down on guys, just as good as she was giving lap dances. This big bear of a guy looked completely lost in the moment, almost vulnerable, and that was fucking hot. Now and then she'd suck and run her tongue on his balls...then up the shaft. It was all good and fun deep throating the guy, but it's the little details they always remember.

"Ivy...Ivy I'm gonna....I.I.." he could barely say a word as he ejaculated so intensely in her mouth, yet she didn't bat an eye. She swallowed....every last drop, and it was heaven. Jim collapsed onto his back and covered his face as he twitched himself, the sensation of Ivy's tongue licking every last drop became too much.

He felt the mattress dip next to him and her warm soft skin against his own. He pulled his hands away and looked at her. Glowing, smiling a devilish kind of way.

"Did you have fun?" she ran her fingers through his hair, stroking it with an air of actual compassion to it.

"Did you?" he turned his head to face her, make-up smeared....hair a mess....but still...gorgeous...far too gorgeous for him.

"Surprisingly yeah....could do with a cigarette and a cup of coffee though" Jim touched her face gently and a faint smile appeared. It was more of a smirk, but it was the first time she'd seen him...seem genuinely content.

"Get into bed and I'll sort you out" he sat up and grabbed his boxers from the floor, and shuffled out towards his kitchen, leaving Ivy with an interesting thought.

"Does this mean I'm staying over?"....

3. The Aftermath

Summary for the Chapter:

The two share some time to reflect on what just happened.

Ivy put a lumpy pillow against the headboard of Jim's bed, and rested her head on it gently. She held a cigarette in a relaxed grip and watched as the man she just fucked sat naked and hunched over on the end of his bed, rubbing his lower back.

"You ok?" She called to him. He remained silent, his freshly lit camel smoke sat between his lips, clenched tightly as he tried his best to rub out the pain. Ivy groaned and stubbed out her own cigarette, she decided to make her way down to him. He flinched a little when her hands snaked around his shoulders and met at his chest.

"Want me to rub out that kink before I go home?" Ivy whispered in his ear softly. "It won't take too long, I'll leave you be soon enough" He remained silent but nodded in agreement. Ivy took the cigarette very carefully from his lips and put it into her own. Jim groaned as he laid on his front. He listened to her rifle through his draws to find something to lube up his back. She found the lotion, she chose to ignore the fact that he used it to jerk off with. Jim felt the soft material of her cotton pink panties rest against his buttocks, she rubbed the lotion ever so gently over his back.

His eyes rolled back in his skull with pleasure as she rubbed each inch of his back with the correct pressure. He could feel her rub her pelvic bone back and forth against him the harder she pressed down, he couldn't help but smirk a little. She rocked back and forth a little faster, letting out these tiny whisper moans.

"That feel good?" she called to him. He laughed and responded.

"mmm yeah....sounds like you're having a good time back there yourself"

"Makes it more fun for me...clitoral stimulation is much more pleasurable than penetrative sex, I mean don't get me wrong Chief....you fucked me good but....damn this is the tits" she rocked

even faster, he wanted to watch her, but the way she massaged his back, it was far too good to pass up....it had been so long since he'd even been touched like this....he shook off any other thoughts. Catching any kind of feelings or emotions to this woman wasn't on his agenda, like he said he didn't want to date her.

"You can stay if you want....I barely sleep at night anyway" he called out abruptly. She stopped rubbing herself against him and pulled her hands from his back. She wanted to say no, but there was something pulling her, a little voice inside telling her to stay, it was a long drive home, she was tired....she was enjoying herself.

"What happened to the "I just wanna fuck guy" from earlier?" she giggled coyly and began to rub his back again.

"Just trying to be a gentleman I suppose, trying to atone for what I just did to you"

"I'm sure you could do worse cowboy" she leaned over and whispered in his ear, pressing her bare chest onto his back. He smirked and signaled that he was rolling over. She let him do so and looked down at him, rubbing his chest, teasing the fair hairs that covered parts of it.

"That a challenge?"

"Maybe....where were the hand cuffs and I don't remember being called a dirty little cum guzzling slut"

"Jesus....you look way too sweet to be talking like that" He sat up right, letting out a slight groan, he pulled her towards him by her waist and pressed his nose against the tip of hers, very much like she did to him back at the strip club. "Too sweet to be here with me" Ivy exhaled deeply as she felt the back of Jim's hand stroke her fairly flushed cheek.

"Don't catch feelings on me Chief...."

"Wouldn't dream of it" his voice was so deep and inviting, she couldn't deny him a kiss, so she planted one ever so gingerly onto his lips.

Ivy thought about what kind of horrible shit had happened to this man to make him turn to a life of pills and booze, debauchery and filth. Despite Ivy breaking her number one rule...and a few others in the process, she couldn't shake the feeling that this man needed someone to confide in. Ivy kinda wanted it to be her.

But she knew the rules, she knew her place. She would spend the night, maybe fuck him one more time, drive home in the morning....and sleep off any regrets or even curiosities from the night before.

It was the right thing for her to do, she didn't need his shit along with her own, one problem at a time she thought halting their kiss. Jim watched her intently as she climbed back under the sheets and wrapped her self up, getting cozier. He shortly joined her grabbing two cigarettes from his night stand in the process. He lit them both then handed her one.

"You think you'll work any more Thursday dinner shifts?" his questions took her by surprise but she didn't dislike it.

"Who knows, if it's been a bad month then maybe....I guess you'll just have to wait a see" she glanced at him with a side eye, then took a long casual drag on her cigarette, then proceeded to blow smoke rings, trying to remain as nonchalant as possible....